INSIDE: COLUMNS, NEWS, PHOTOS AND SELF-INDULGENCE!

That's 30

see page 4

Martlet

Volume 16, Number 32 April 14, 1977

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Regular sessions of "Petch Peeves" have been terminated for this term. I will, however, be in my office at the regular times 3:30—5:30 p.m. Thursdays. Please call local 4200 or 4201.

Good luck with your exams.

Howard Petch

Oil port blasted

By OWEN TOOP
Martlet Staff

The director general of Environment Canada's Institute of Ocean Studies apologized publicly for his department's failure to consider Kitimat as a possible tanker port at the second public Bluepeace meeting held in the Newcombe Auditorium recently.

Bluepeace is a local anti-supertanker organization.

Strong criticism was also levelled at provincial and federal governments.

Federal Ocean Studies Instituted Director Dr. Robert Stewart, admitted that his department had completely overlooked Kitimat in its early environmental studies, but added that new research was under way into possible alternate sites along the coast of B.C.

Bolton, who spoke next, stated that hearings on the proposed Kitimat port will be held as early as April this year. After the tests to be carried out this summer, the government will be better able to determine the safety of the Kitimat proposal.

Bristol Foster charged that the oil companies held back on announcing the Kitimat proposal until last year so there would not be enough time for ecological research before construction was commenced.

He said that a social danger to the Indian fishermen existed as well. Foster suggested that Port Angeles was the "least worst" site for a tanker port.

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Math war erupts

By LINDA GUSTAFSON
Martlet Staff

Dr. William Gordon will resign as head of the Mathematics Department following a dispute, which boiled over last week, over the department's hiring policies.

"My career here is finished," said Gordon Tuesday. "I have lost too much goodwill."

The trouble has been brewing, and tempers flying, in the department for some time. With Gordon's announced resignation, the smoke is clearing, rubble being sorted for salvage and band-aids being handed out all round.

The disputre erupted when the department's hiring committee submitted its recommendation for, as the department thought, one senior professorial position.

Two individuals were under consideration to fill the spot, **The Martlet** has learned, one of the well-qualified and the other of "star" status in the world mathematics scene.

When word reached the department that the merely-qualified candidate, and not the star, had been selected, a minor "palace revolution" broke loose.

At the same time, according to sources, Gordon was in the Dean of Arts and Science's office arguing that two positions should be opened.

The department, which disapproved of the choice and claimed the hiring committee's methods were unethical and secretive, voted non-confidence in the decision.

Since the vote last week, the original committee's decision has been dumped and a new committee established to deal with the appointment all over again.

Arts and Science Dean Alfred Fischer says he is not prepared to accept any recommendations from the department at this time because of the dispute.

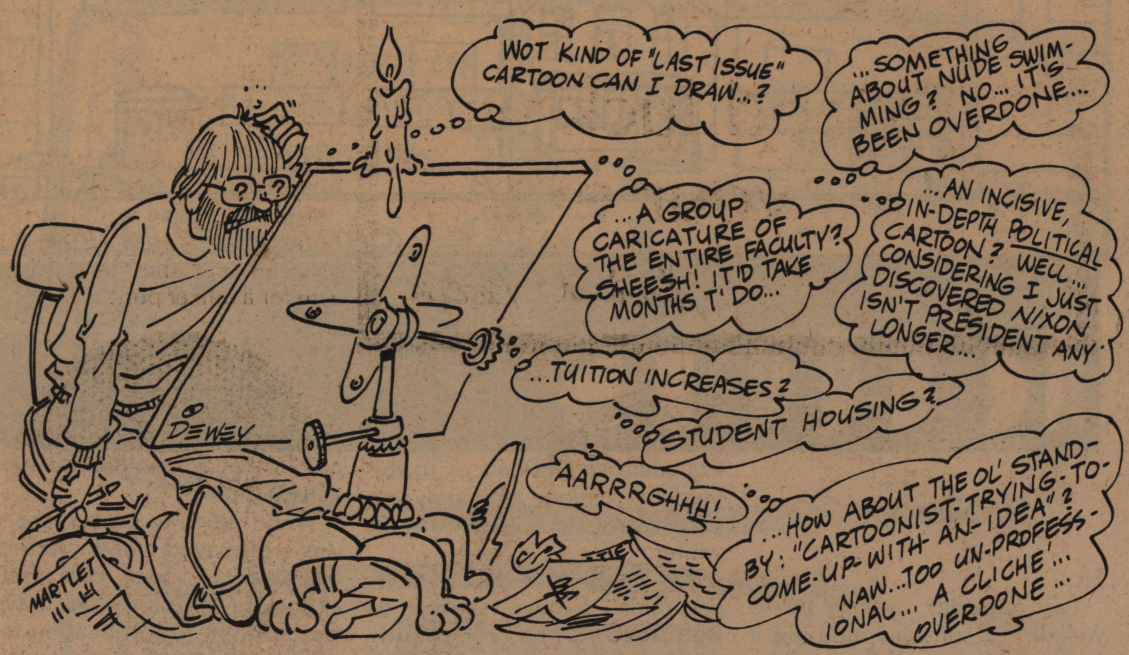
However, he said, he is "prepared to consider allowing the department to make some senior appointments when I am satisfied as to the future development of the department."

The new committee, with Dr. Robert MacLeod as chairman instead of Gordon, has prepared a draft of a new hiring policy for the department which suggests that all important hiring decisions be discussed and ratified by department members.

If the draft is ratified by department members, the committee hopes to persuade Fischer to open positions once again for senior, permanent professors in the math department.

At present, however, only the position of visiting assistant professor is open.

CHANGE AT LAST. Martlet editor David Climenhaga, in short hair, hands over the reins of power to next year's press boss Ken Simons. Mr. Simons immediately left town for Poland. Need we say more?


WOT KIND OF "LAST ISSUE" CARTOON CAN I DRAW...?
...SOMETHING ABOUT NUDE SWIMMING? NO... IT'S BEEN OVERDONE...
...A GROUP CARICATURE OF THE ENTIRE FACULTY? SHEESH! IT'D TAKE MONTHS T' DO...
...AN INCISIVE, IN-DEPTH POLITICAL CARTOON? WELL... CONSIDERING I JUST DISCOVERED NIXON ISN'T PRESIDENT ANY LONGER...
...TUITION INCREASES?
STUDENT HOUSING?
AARRRGHHH!
...HOW ABOUT THE OL' STAND-BY: "CARTOONIST-TRYING-TO-COME-UP-WITH-AN-IDEA"? NAW...TOO UN-PROFESSIONAL... A CLICHE... OVERDONE...
DEWEY
MARTLET

University is enclave of wealthy

Calling universities "the enclaves of the rich and wealthy" student senator Theresa Karin resigned from Senate at its April 6 meeting.

In a strongly worded letter addressed to President Petch, Karin said "I am resigning over the issue of tuition fee increases and what it, and nine months of being a member of Senate, has revealed to me of the undemocratic structure and elitist priorities of this university."

Karin described the Senate as an "ineffective and irrelevant debating club" whose recommendations, such as the opposition to the tuition fee increase, are ignored by the Board of Governors. She suggested that others who feel dissatisfied with these problems join her in resigning.

Karin's term of office was until the end of June.

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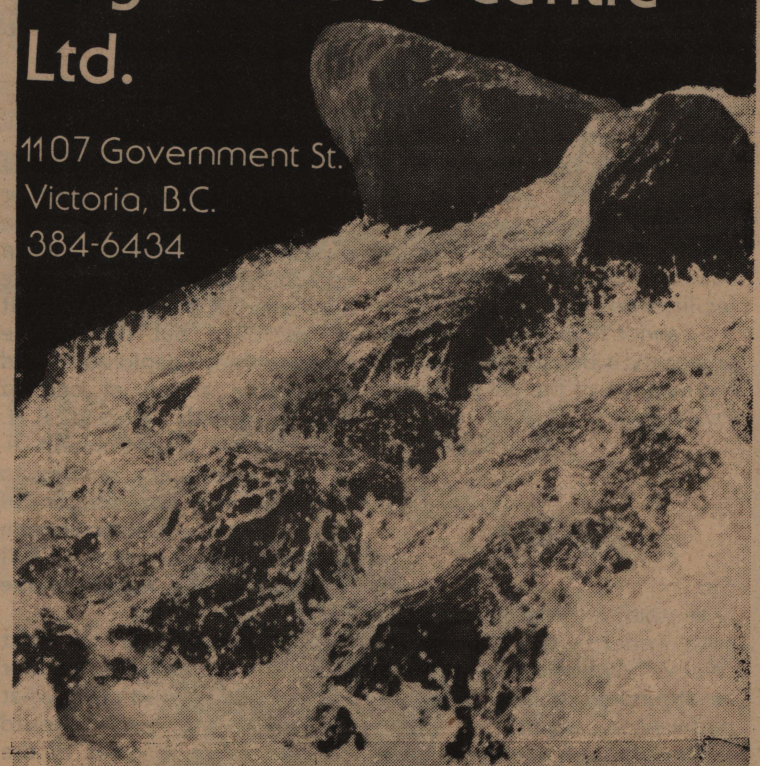

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"THE LATE SHOW"

editorial

What's '30'?

Well, that's "30" for this year.

And "30" for this editor as well — the next time you pick up a Martlet the editor will be Ken Simons, an organic sort of lad from Salt Spring Island. No doubt The Martlet will be a different kind of paper next year, but we're confident it'll get just as many people just as mad and keep on giving The Ring a run for its money.

But what's "30"? you may ask. Well, "30" is the traditional newspaper way of saying "the end." Writing 30 at the end of your copy is sort of like the credits at the end of an old Lone Ranger movie. It lets the editor, the proofreaders and everyone else responsible for handling copy know you're finished.

When the old Toronto Telegram finally bit the dust it displayed a large and sad "30" on page one. Now, the Telegram meant forever and The Martlet just means for the summer, but, just the same, it's got the same kind of feeling.

Nobody really knows where "30" originated. Every city editor and news reporter has his own favorite story — one is probably as apocryphal as another — of where it comes from. Ours was told us by Ed Gould, the Victorian's off-and-on gossip columnist.

It seems, claimed Ed, that old-time newspaper telegraph operators used to signal "30" at the bottom of their transmissions to show they were taking their half-hour lunch break. The idea stuck and became tradition. Today, you'd be giggled out of most newsrooms it you didn't close off your copy in the approved manner.

It's an apt enough symbol we're inclined to think — it not only sums up the length of the average reporter's lunch break but comes pretty close to describing his weekly paycheque as well...

And this issue is "30" for volume 16 of The Martlet.

It's an odd, and kind of sad, sensation — tinged with vast relief — to put the last paper of the year to bed. Special thanks are in order to the many folks who read our paper, the enthusiasts who wrote letters to the editor, the ubiquitous sources who whispered good stories in our ears and the student pols who tolerated our outrages and protected our editorial independence.

Also to SUB manager Dave Clode, who probably lost about 10 years and two inches of hairline, but always handled us in a sensible and diplomatic manner; to the SUB Pub staff who turned a blind eye as we trudged, heavily laden, upstairs; and to all the anonymous friends, boyfriends, girlfriends, parents and victims of broken engagements who put up with the Martlet staff's strange hours.

We hope that all of you have enjoyed reading The Martlet as much as we have enjoyed working on it and putting it out.

Good luck in the summertime and next time.

It's been fun.

And that's "30."

THE ORGAN OF NO CLIQUE OR PARTY

MARTLET

"...in the *true* spirit of Amor de Cosmos"

The Martlet is a student newspaper published by the University of Victoria Student Union. It is published by the Publications Department of the Alma Mater Society (AMS) weekly from September to April and occasionally during the summer months. It is typeset by the Martlet Press and printed in a union shop. Editorial content is strictly the responsibility of the Martlet staff and not, God forbid, the AMS or the CUP. All editorial copy and photographs are copyrighted and the sole property of The Martlet unless otherwise marked.

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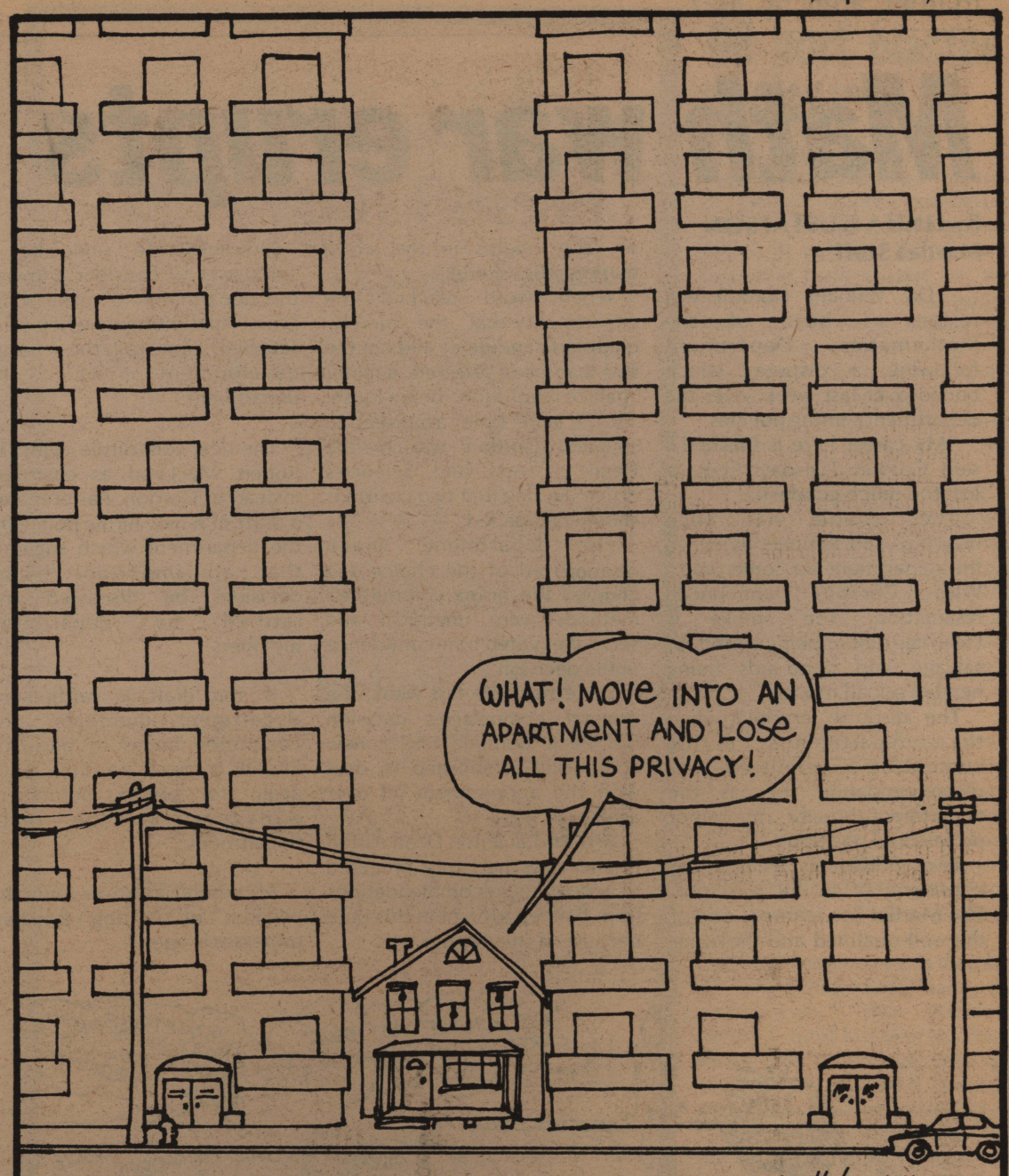
Editor-in-Chief: David Climenhaga
Managing Editor: John Thomson
Advertising Manager: Randy Rochefort

Staff this final issue: lovingly now, the editor thinks he's going to cry, the urge to sing religious songs is coming over him and it's not being helped by the staff seminarians, Steve Koerner, Chris Rowe, Sue Stevens, Saverio Colantonio, Joanna Griebel, Bevan Grant, Bob Thompson, Jeff Rueger, Tom Humphries, Grant Cornwell, Ben Webb, Donna Livingstone, David McMinn, Dave Connell, Peter Hertzberg, Tony MacGregor, Louise Longo, Ken Simons, Garth Spencer, Reggie "Hut Dweller" Douglas, Linda Gustafson, Elizabeth Lebel, Diane Laronde, Les Laronde, Nancy Davies, Kim Munch, Knarfie, Lori Fuglem, Arnold Edsel-David Koop, Rick Stevenson, Sue Sullivan, Al Collier, Leslie Fiddler, Owen Toop, Dale Hitchcox, Larry Back, Barb Weed, Owen Brandon, who styles himself "the cartoon messiah," he's not, Frances Keen, camp followers, running-dogs, dupes, hangers-on, passers-by, fellow travellers and those we forgot. Special thanks to Jimmy, Alex and, especially, Mrs. Gomez. Brickbats: The Fantome, whose **real** name is above somewhere. Bouquets: the Martlet staff. Good-bye now, luv, David.



letters

Alumnus up

Sir:

Last Saturday, waking up to welcome a sunshiny morning, I became all gung-ho about the idea of making a trip to UVic, my alma mater, to play some basketball, an activity for months unconsciously forgotten in the midst of my professional pursuit since graduation.

Until I confronted an adamant refusal from the gym attendant of letting me use a basketball, I took for granted indubitably that an alumnus be as welcome to use the recreational facilities as the students. After all, what is meant by an alumnus anyway? And, I did do my part, if not substantial, to make the facilities possible.

I cannot help to feel that the univeristy is being a bit mean at the expense of the old students' loyalty.

Eugene Ip

Dim light

Sir:

In the last Martlet I noted with concern the letter from "Name Withheld" concerning an attempted robbery on a dark pathway on campus.

Though such incidents have not occurred on other dimly lit paths around UVic we are aware of the poor lighting conditions at various points on the grounds. The pathways from the Commons Block and the Craigdarroch Residences to the Student Union building are particularly dark, especially in winter.

As AMS internal vice-president, I have spoken to Buildings and Grounds concerning the general quality of outdoor lighting, and have asked for a brief report on any plans to improve the situation. It is my hope that lighting will be better on all presently unlit paths by next September.

Yours sincerely,
Ben Webb

Dog daze

Sir:

I write this letter in a fit of rage, therefore if my tone or choice of words is less than diplomatic, perhaps even approaching the point of being bombastic, it is through no fault of my own, but due to the irresponsible, deplorable and irrevocable action of one of "our"? recently elected R.A. members, Mr. Dave Connell.

I am specifically refering to Mr. Connell's presentation of one can of dog food to Human Resources Minister, Bill Vanderzalm, **on behalf of the Alma Mater Society.**

Overlooking both the fact that this gesture is neither original nor in good taste; what concerns me and should concern every member of the student union is the question of what right does Mr. Connell, or any other member of the R.A. for that matter have, to subject the entire Alma Mater Society to his or her practical jokes, pranks, personal biases, and petty politics?

Well...much to my surprise, I was dismayed and further incensed to find out that, although Mr. Connell may have had no right to justification for what he did, at least he had the approval of the R.A.

Believe it or not, this distateful prank was approved by the R.A. in the form of a motion. Connell was merely the sacrificial lamb among the sheep, chosen to carry out the dirty deed. A matter of poetic justice I suppose, since Mr. Connell was the one who introduced the motion.

It should come as no surprise to most sensible observers that through their action, these supposed representatives of ours have at least jeopardized, if not in fact destroyed the credibility and overall relations between students and the Provincial Government.

I hope that the government has kept a hand on the pulse of the situation here at UVic, and realizes that this group of representatives does not always reflect the sentiments, or acts in the best interests of the rest of us. A hell of an accusation to make, you say!? Indeed it is...but not an unfounded one!

By this letter, am I advocating that the students of their representatives turn a blind eye to the apparant evils and injustices of society? On the contrary! As a generally well informed, organized, and conscienscious sector of

[*continued on 5*]

...from 4

letters

society, students should take interest and rational, careful and responsible measures in helping to rectify such situations.

I emphasize the idea of rational responsible, because in this case the R.A. has acted irrationally and irresponsibly. Are these elected representatives acting on our behalf when they act in such a manner? Are the rest of us irrational and irresponsible?

Judging from this evidence and that which Mr. Rod Mahrt editorialized on in last weeks **Martlet** regarding the "twit with a megaphone", it seems that our election suspicions about S.U.F.A. are being confirmed. They have not wasted much time in demonstrating their intent to use the R.A. and the Alma Mater Society as tools in advancing their political ideals, or more correctly their political prejudices.

They have a year to repent, and prove us wrong. I hope for our sake and theirs, that they will!

Joseph P. Garcea

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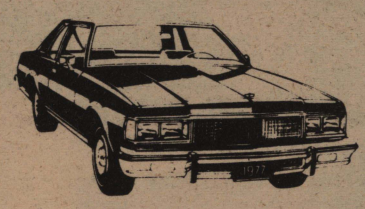

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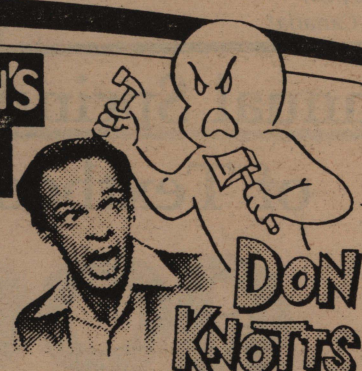

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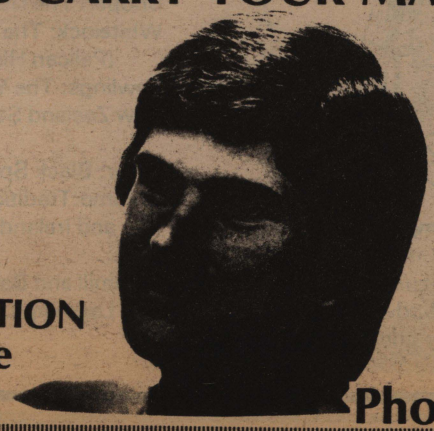

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ZAZIE

by zazie

Brain drained

The brain is not an organ of thinking but an organ of survival, like claws and fangs. It is made in such a way as to make us accept as truth that which is only advantage. It is an exceptional, almost pathological constitution one has, if one follows thoughts logically through, regardless of consequences. Such people make martyrs, apostles, or scientists, and mostly end on the stake, or in a chair, electric or academic.

— Albert Szent-Gyorgi

(Editor's note. Zazie has left the country. At least, this is what her landlady tells me. After much negotiation and the expenditure of five dollars, the good woman gave us a small cardboard box with the few things Zazie left behind, including the letter printed below. Because Zazie left us with seventy column inches owing, plus several dollars in loans, the editor's alienated affections, Reggie Douglas's virtue and Arnold Edsel's Elvis Presley hairpiece, we've decided to publish this letter because it is of some local and scholarly interest and does shed some light on certain of the more obscure aspects of the development of Canada's most distinguished Franco-Algerian-Quebecois-Canadian poet and primarily because revenge is sweet.)

Cher TonTon,

You were right, University certainly was an interesting experience. But they do have peculiar people here.

TonTon, I'm mad. I'm madder than hell. I'm so mad I could strangle Robin Skelton with his garters (he's a professor here) and as for that horrid, dirty old man Georges Zuk, I'm going to feed him his rubber underwear on the end of a stick.

You remember Zuk, don't you? He's the nasty old man who lived across the street from you. The one who used to like to impersonate policemen. The one with the stains on the front of his pants who used to offer me candy to stand on the fire escape so he could look up my skirt.

I guess I'd better start at the beginning. The other day I went to a used book shop, because I wanted to buy something cheap to read. Among some of the stuff I picked up while I was dodging the drunken old geezer in the rugby shirt was **The Underwear of the Unicorn** by Georges Zuk (translated and edited by Robin Skelton and published by Oolichan books, 1975. ed.)

I knew he was wierd and now I thought I knew why — he's secretly a poet — so I thought I'd buy it for old times sake.

Bloody hell, TonTon, imagine how I felt when I read this

Philosophical Zuk
has just observed
the eyelashes of Zazie
are coming undone
and losing their grip
even further at every blink;
sadly he wipes
the dogshit from the carpet.

Godalmighty! It doesn't even rhyme. Anyhow, I never even lost them in the sauna and God knows Zuk couldn't raise the temperature enough to unstick a postage stamp.

Zuk claims he painted a picture of me in a raincoat with a belt. I never owned a belted raincoat in my life and furthermore he says the picture shows me undoing the damn thing. He always was a snoopy beast — get this:

Zuk objects to the wearing
of naked raincoats.
"None of the girls in this city
have any shame",
he mutters, averting his eyes,
but Zazie giggles,
remembering how he gaped
at the fur in her closet.

"Poetry", my ass. Nosey old thing. TonTon, did you let him in my room? Did you? Did you tell him about that wonderful present you gave me for my 14th birthday? Did you tell him about Nana? She had very good reasons for that nightie because she was a very slow developer. Because if you did, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Just look what the vile creature made of it:

Zazie, sharing a bed
with her visiting cousin,
did not choose to remark
on her nightgown of rubber,
nor did the cousin
care to inquire why Zazie
entered the bed
in pyjamas of yellow fur.

TonTon how could you? How could you tell him about those dear little PJ's? In any case, Nana is a beautiful girl now and we have a sublime relationship.

TonTon, I don't know who I'm maddest at. Zuk or that two-bit poetaster Skelton. He's a really wierd case, being taken in by the

[continued on 10]

THE EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS

by david climenhaga

French tongue to save Canada!

Last week, in my second-to-last column, I promised to blast any deserving souls who stuck their heads up a little high during the week. Well, indeed it has come to pass that a certain member of the Victoria media has committed an unpardonable sin.

But, alas, the sin must go unpunished — for this year at any rate. A more urgent matter has pressed itself upon my thoughts, and urgent matters the likes of national survival must take precedence over my petty squabbling with the local press.

And anyway, tomorrow I'm going to have to go out and look for a job.

* * * * *

Canada is in danger.

Yes, Canada's survival as a single nation is in trouble. That much, at least, is clear to all of us.

Each day we pick up our local newspapers and see the Prime Minister shuffling to answer the latest charges, or reply to the latest move, by the Premier of Quebec. It is indicative of the state of our nation, I think, that each day Mr. Trudeau — our leader, whether we like him or not — is seen dancing to the political shots called by Mr. Levesque in Quebec City.

The vast majority of Canadians do not want to see this country destroyed. No matter how much they may complain about this federal government party or that, they know intuitively that the balkanization of Canada will mean something much worse than an inconvenient Pakistan of the North. No, if Canada is broken up, the province-nations remaining will not be mere American client states like Canada today, but will become chilly banana republics exploited in the crassest manner by the U.S.

They know that the break-up of Canada will hit us where it hurts the most — in the pocket book. Our standard of living will decline. Drastically. Horribly. And we will be powerless to deal with it.

Knowing this, Canadians are turning back to the Liberal Party — God help us all — which they see as the only way to preserve our national unity.

That's because, and it's time we all admitted it, Mr. Joe Clark is nothing more than a blathering buffoon. A cruel joke foisted on the country by a Conservative Party more concerned with making a three-day impression on a pack of incredibly rude newsmen than doing anything for the country or even their own political fortunes.

So here we stand, caught between the devil and the deep blue sea with our fingers in unmentionable places.

However, don't give up hope. While out on a meditative drive in the countryside the other day I was struck by an inspiration — with one simple gesture our nation can be saved from the forces bent on destroying it.

It is a radical solution but, I believe, a more sensible and even palatable one than it appears at first.

Canada must abandon the English language and embrace French as our only tongue.

"Never!" large numbers of English Canadians will shout before giving the matter serious thought. But if they stop to calmly consider, even the Albertans will be convinced, I suspect.

The first obvious advantage is that we will save Confederation. As the old saw goes, 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' What could Mr. Levesque and the Parti Quebecois say? The rest of Canada will have conceded, he was right all along. What then would the point of pulling out be?

Of course we would preserve some of our English Canadian heritage — like any other ethnic group in Canada. Our British traditions of democracy might be able to save Quebec from the possibility of another Duplessis-like dark age.

But the major irritant, English, would be gone. Much better.

Another obvious advantage of this scheme would be that French would provide a wonderful defence against cultural imperialism from our great neighbor to the south. Within a generation or two our children would no longer care about Davy Crockett or Starsky and Hutch. We'd never have to listen to those horrible Americanisms again. We could, at last, get down to the business of of building a Canadian culture and identity.

(And we'd only need one CBC station per city, saving millions of dollars.)

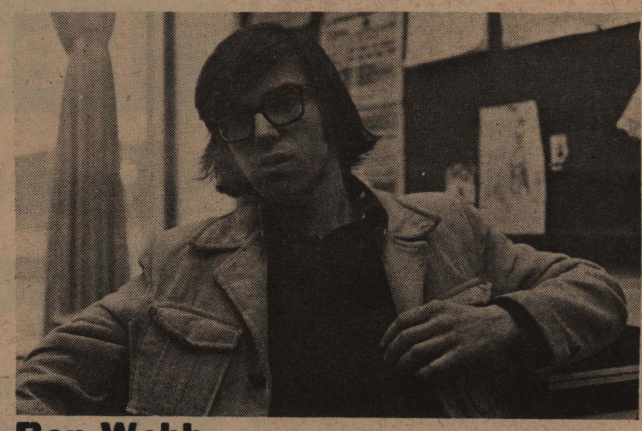
Further, if we had the sense to elect Mr. Levesque as Prime Minister Canada could finally have a national government with a socialist philosophy. The liberals are corrupt from the necks down — and up. The PCs are almost as corrupt and, for what dishonesty they lack, they more than make up with stupidity. Yet the NDP have never been able to muster support in Quebec.

With an NDP-PQ alliance, the country could finally have a government that cared more about people than banks. That alone

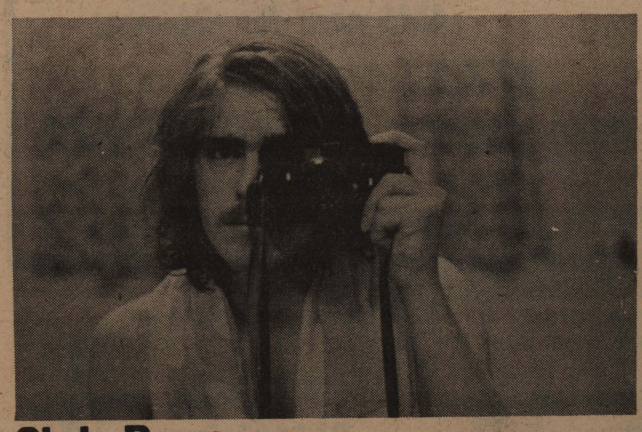
[continued this page, column 3]

Some of the folks who brought you The Martlet...

Dale Hitchcox



Ben Webb



Chris Rowe

Martin Ashwood-Smith

RAMBLINGS

...from column 1

would make it worth learning French.

There are many other advantages far too numerous to go into. It would certainly help the tourist trade by providing a more "foreign" atmosphere for U.S. visitors, save costs on Trans-Canada Highway signs and finally force us to develop an indigenous film industry.

Of course there would be a few disadvantages: there would be a whole generation of folks who couldn't read traffic signs and The Martlet would have to buy a new typesetting font with French accents and keys. But these are minor things when a nation's survival is at stake.

N'est ce pas?

Vive le Canada!

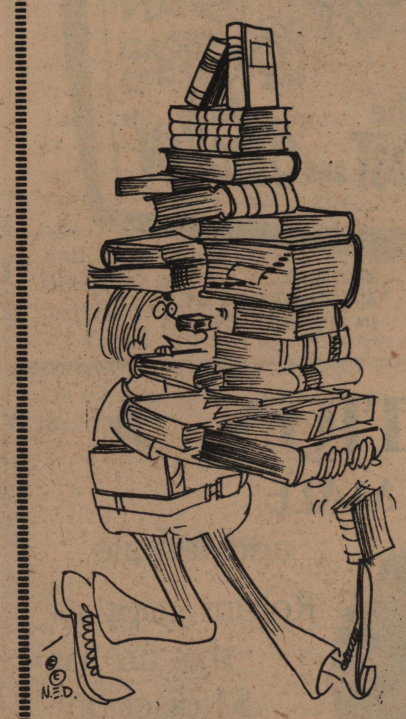
Apologies galore to all those nice folks who worked hard and weren't around Tuesday when we took the photos

Annual Spring Buy Back of Textbooks

at the Bookstore

April 21th, 22nd

10:00 am to 4:00 pm

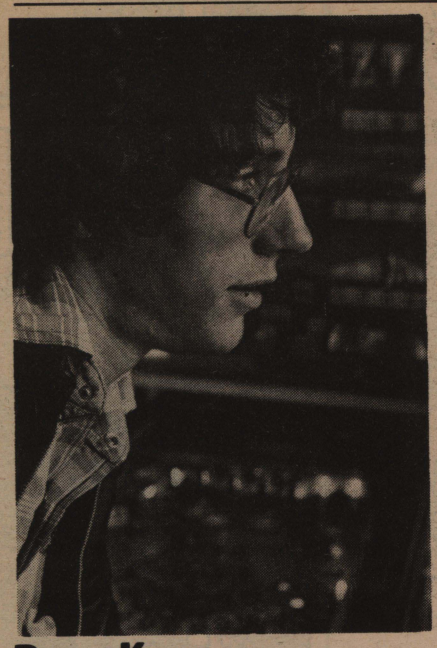


The Bookstore is selling the following titles at reduced prices:

Spring: Primer of Libertarian Education	$3.75 to $1.25
Bateman: Essentials of Teaching	$5.50 to $2.00
Cooper: The Deerslayer (Signet)	$0.75 to $1.35
Whitelock: The Beginning of English Society (Pelican History of England)	$1.42 to $0.65
Rawlings: The Yearling	$3.32 to $1.50
New Zealand Stories, Oxford Univ. Press	$3.56 to $1.50
Miller: Black Spring (Black Cat Ed.)	$0.95 to $0.50
Gomme: Traditional Games of England, Scotland and Ireland (2 Vols.)	$2.50 to $1.00 (each)
Hammill and Bartel: Educational Perspectives in Learning Disabilities	$8.88 to $3.95

And Many Other Titles

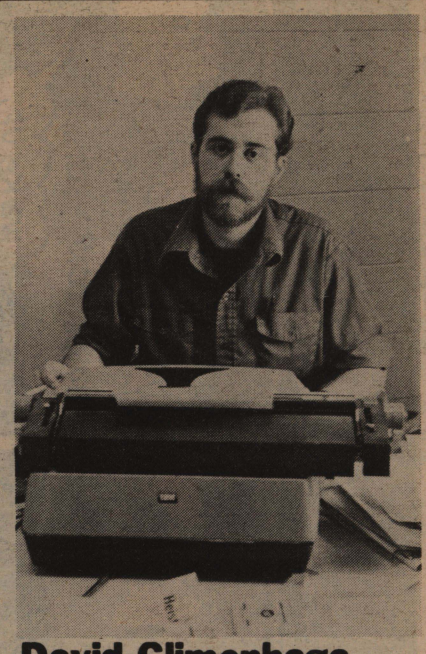
The Washington Book Company will buy books on course for summer and next fall at half price (provided departmental requisitions have been received by the Bookstore and adequate stock is not already on hand). Lower prices are offered for other titles.



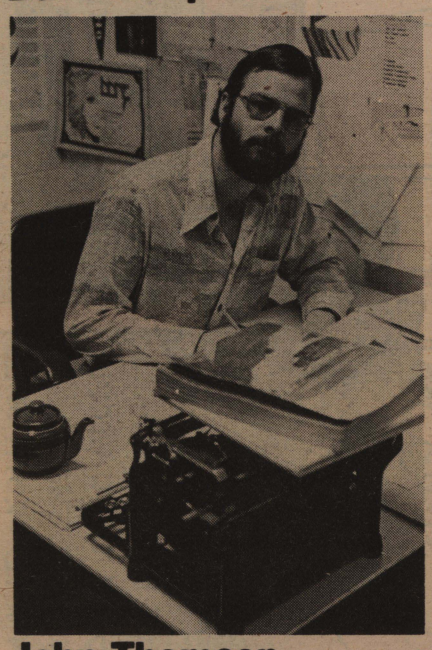
Dave Koop

Garth Spencer

Kim Munch

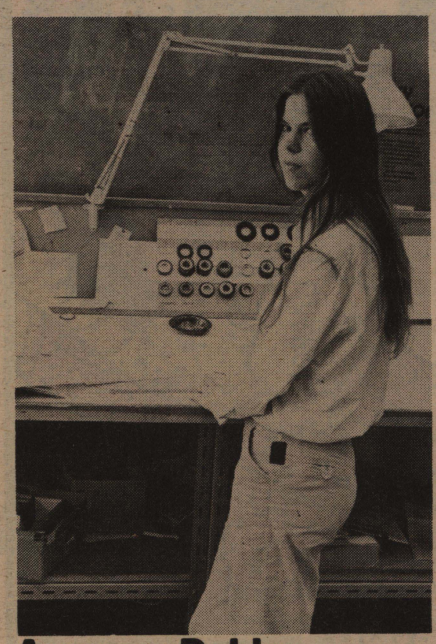


David Climenhaga



John Thomson

Lori Fuglem



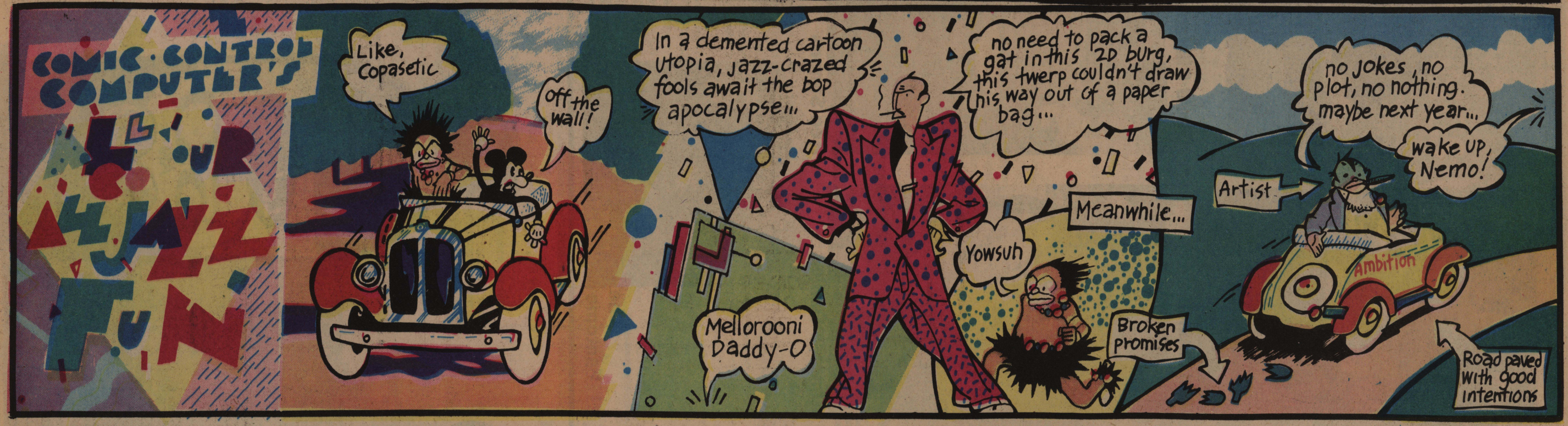
Annrose Dahler

Ken Simons

Walter Rieth

The Fantome

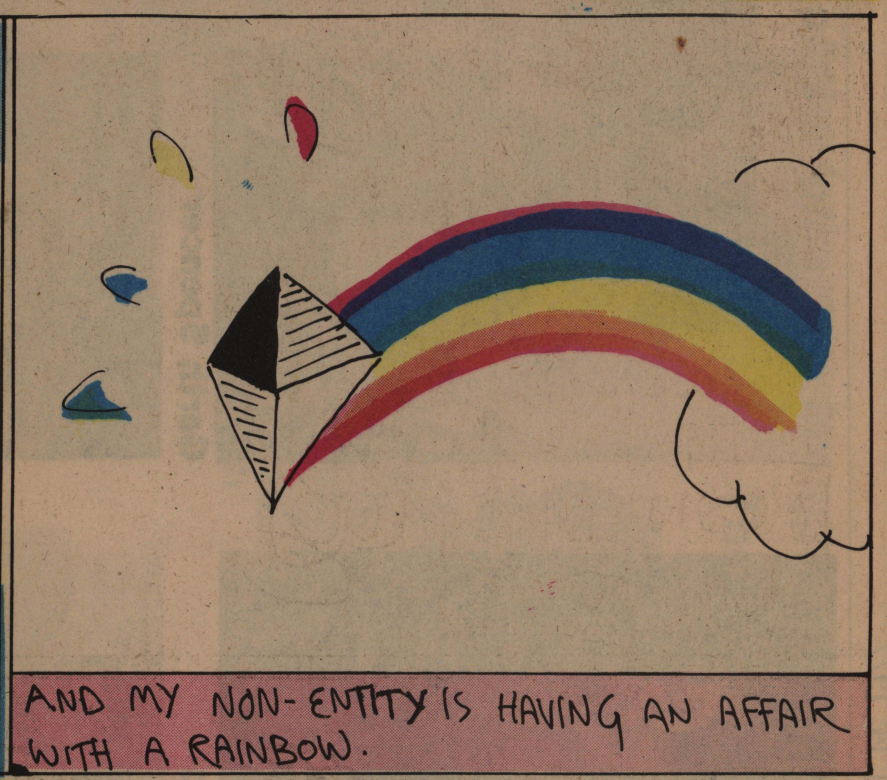
A GOOD HEAD.


COMIC CONTROL COMPUTER'S
4 OUR
4 JAZZ
FUN
Like, Copasetic
Off the wall!
In a demented cartoon utopia, jazz-crazed fools await the bop apocalypse...
Mellorooni Daddy-O
no need to pack a gat in this 2D burg, this twerp couldn't draw his way out of a paper bag...
Yowsuh
Meanwhile...
Broken promises
no jokes, no plot, no nothing. maybe next year...
wake up, Nemo!
Artist
Ambition
Road paved with good intentions

ARTY FIARTY NON ENTITY
SPRINGTIME! THE TREES ARE IN BLOOM, STREET-CARS COME IN ALL COLOURS, AND LOVE ABOUNDS!

MY LADY IS DALLYING WITH AN EDITOR...
Mart!

MY EDITOR IS HAVING A GOOD TIME WITH A LADY...


AND MY NON-ENTITY IS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH A RAINBOW.

CAT AND DOG

DAY IN, DAY OUT, LIES ARE ALL I HEAR. MY BOSS LIES TO ME, MY FRIENDS LIE TO ME... I OPEN THE MARTLET, WHAT DO I READ?... LIES, LIES, LIES.

POLITICIANS LIE, THE POLICE LIE, EVEN MY MOTHER LIES. SOCIETY IS SUCH THAT PEOPLE HAVE TO LIE TO GET ANYWHERE. THANK GOD THERE'S STILL ONE PLACE WHERE TRUTH STILL REIGNS SUPREME.
MOVE IT BUDDY!

THERE'S TRUTH ON THESE THAR WALLS.
Rubber Novelties
25¢

CAT AND DOG

DOWN IN THE SUB PUB

I READ?... LIES, LIES, LIES.

REIGNS SUPREME.

MOVE IT BUDDY!

Novelties

25¢

© HITCHCOX '77

WIT BY MAS

OH LORD! ONLY A MIRACLE COULD GET ME THROUGH THIS FINAL...

FEAR NOT!

AN ANGEL OF THE LORD!

YOU MEAN I'M GOING TO PASS...

NO, YOU'VE JUST DIED!

M S

I'VE FULFILLED MY MONTH LONG DREAM AND DROPPED "DA BOMB" ON SUFA. ANY MINUTE NOW THEY'LL BE KISSIN' THERE LEFT WING COMMIE BUTTS GOOD-BYE

WHAT HAVE YOU AGAINST SUFA ANYWAY.

NOTHIN' AT ALL. JUST ANOTHER LUCRATIVE JOB.

KA-BLOOM

HOLY ELECTROLYSIS

BRANDON

TO J.L.F. AND HOSTESS DING DONGS

THE BIONIC EDSEL

by arnold edsel

Last of the self-indulgences

FIENDISH TOTALITARIAN SCHEMES FROM THE PITS OF INIQUITY!!! Martlet commando commander **Rabble Criminal-libel** is rumoured to be disappearing...dodging either into the deep north woods, or into the far east and the land of Mastercharge, depending not on the cut and fit of all the law suits promised, but on the impending success or failure of that particular conspiracy to which he sold his soul so long ago!!!

FOLLOW THOSE BOUNCING BALLS, BUSTER!!! Gym jockey and ink sinker **Waldo O'Beef's** impending retirement could mean the exposure of **The Martlet**'s little helper, **The Phantom**, as really being none other than **Bozo Groans** as another **Martlet** top-secret defense project sinks under budget. In other news from the lands of massed projectiles and rancid lockers **The Martlet**'s bulging beauties shutterbug **Sports O'Backbacon** as apparently been overcome by the joys of jockery and doesn't live here anymore.

STEAMING STILLS FROM THE PHOTO FILES!!! Ex-self-appointed-**Martlet**-sex-symbol-without-whom-we-would-die **Shabby Muckraker** murdered the entire **Martlet** staff last week by not acting dummy and filching all the fab fleshy photogs that have graced some of the best **Martlet** pages. Fortunately we **can** live without her invaluable assistance, although our prurient interests may not.

VAPID VAPORINGS FROM THE VOCAB VISIONARY!!! Ace **Martlet** grammar slammer, the ubiquitous and uxorious **Twitch Bitcher** continues his war with words with tripesetters **Dim Brunch, Lola Guzzlesem** and **Fits-The-Ring**, armed with his trusty blue pencil and stultifying command of what he believes is the English language. Meanwhile dear **Dim** and her pals are fighting back valiantly, having control of the production centre of **The Martlet**'s neo-tabloid complex.

HOT FLASHES FROM THE BICYCLE SEAT!!! Getting more than a ride from her trusty two-wheeler, **Loosly Diddler** is only just learning that she will be finding jobs for all **Martlet** staffers in her new position with the crypto-fascist neanderthals in the big city. Not alone in the velocipede mania, editor-elect **Symbol Simons** also lives behind the fog of steamed up glasses. He has often been seen coming, and he wasn't breathing hard just from pedalling. **Symbol** is soon to become **The Martlet**'s first Polish jock as he seeks new thrills behind the tin venetian blinds.

SALIVA SOAKED SLAVERING FROM THE SEX AND SLEAZE SCENE!!! Star-studded **Martlet** newshound and part-time pervert, **Drivel Croup**, master of the nude swimming story, an assignment many have had a crack at and failed, has finally been overcome by the sweet smells of sex and success, is tripping off to Toronto to make dirty movies and has been spotted trying to lure nubile young Victorian heiresses to star in his epidermis epics.

CREEPING CALUMNY CREATES CLEAN-UP OF CROWDED COLUMN CORNER!!! Axed at last and advancing into the armies of anonymity are **The Martlet**'s pseudo-political obfuscationist, **Douglas Reginald**, and that administration hack and fearless free-loader, the obstructionist **Sleazy Wilting**, whose contracts, alas, have not been renewed and will no longer occupy so much wasted space in future editions of **The Martlet.**

HOLIDAYS ON HIGH SEAS HINDER HORRIFIC HIGHROLLER!!! Master or production mismanagement Frond Blandson has disappeared into the depths of the Straits of Georgia, leeving rumors to sprout about a nest-egg nestled in some obscure place by this smoothie. Has he really been **just** reefing **sails** on those yachting weekends?

THERE ARE SOME DUPES IN THE NUDES!!! Graduates from the press release rewrite school of journalism, including such notables as **Stony Macmouse**, has been expanding recently. New people sucked into the vortex of the vacuum include **Loose Larger, Coma Livingmouse** and that notable journalistic miscreation, the beast with two bodies and one brain, **Stew Grovel**, masters of the one-and-a-half-inch-and-we-want-a-byline style.

SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION STRIKES SUBEDITORS!!! One time **Boredom Page** editor **Peeve Potch**, returning from hijacking to Mexico, discovered his place usurped in coup d'etat by **Archy McFartsy** who is now busily pocketing the kickbacks from Victoria's struggling Boredom scene. **Potch** has not been seen in the offices since. Meanwhile **Spider McGlasky** boss of the books page is still on review. It has been misunderstood by many that one of the fringe benefits of subediting is a free female companion, a misconception furnished by the lively **Lingering Gutsystun** who will one day score the scoop we've all been waiting for, right **Peeve?**

POLITICAL PUNDITS PROVE PRESS POWER!!! Dog-food donater **Karate MacSocialist**, the street-fighting lefty in the newsroom has an outstanding debt owed him by Vander Zalm's pooch, proving that hounding humans is a dog's job, just like journalism.

[continued on 11]

Victoria - Athens
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2 weeks to one year from $640.
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"Travel Agents Do It Free"
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ANTIQUE, 2ND HAND
JUNK, SALVAGE
SUPERMARKET

720 MARKET ST
384-1644 384-3614
BUY AND SELL

ZAZIE .from 5

the fantasies of a pervert like Zuk. I mean, even the girls in the rue des Anges thought he was madly kinky. He even wrote an introduction in which he quotes Zuk's drunken syphilitic ravings as if they were some sort of enlightening profundities.

Ah well, TonTon, I'm leaving here next week, so I don't suppose anybody here will ever get the opportunity to connect me with this pornographic slush.

I'm eagerly waiting to see you again, dear uncle, and Nana, I'm coming quickly with those darling little PJ's.

Can hardly wait. I hear Zuk's in Canada now on route to California and that he's making his way by giving poetry readings of Skelton's translations. This is good because he won't be around to cause all that trouble like he did the last time.

See you soon. Bises

Zazie

P.S. TonTon, are you really a homosexual?

JOB OPPORTUNITY that is more a BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

This is a *today* kind of business opportunity — because it fills the need created by:
— inflated car prices
— soaring gasoline costs
— rising automobile insurance premiums

"It is City Bike"

City Bike is made in Italy by Cimatti, one of the world's largest and leading manufacturers of mopeds. The initial purchase price is low, the vehicle gets up to 150MPG and meets Canadian Go ment Standards.

We need two people — to set up a campus agency at the University of Victoria. Soon — almost every university campus in Canada will have a City Bike agency. This is your opportunity to make money while attending university.

Two types of students required

For the Business Minded - SALES MANAGER

...to be responsible for managing the City Bike agency and selling the moped. You will have help — you will be backed by a finance plan, a national marketing program and advertising material.

For the mechanically minded - SERVICE MANAGER

...to be responsible for servicing this simple vehicle. Any service mechanic *could* do it, but we need someone we can rely on to provide continuity of service when occasional adjustments are required.

Call us today

CALL US TODAY. You'll be able to judge City Bike and your income potential by contacting us immediately for an appointment.

To set up an interview, telephone 325-3281 and ask to speak to Mike Murrell — or, write to Mike Murrell, The Haddon Group, 8401 Fraser Street, Vancouver, BC. V5X 3Y2

This is an exciting, new-to-Canada idea in city and campus travel. A sound business opportunity for you.

EDSEL ...from 10

NEGATIVE NEGATIVES ANNIHILATE NEWS!!! Lens lovers **Slavering Colon-Yoyo, Pecker Hertzer** and **Banal Banalsen** who have yet to take a bad bad picture, or a good good one are suspected of returning next year to grace the pages of the next dismal failure, the 77-78 **Martlet**.

PRODUCTION PAPERS PASTE-UP PEOPLE!!! Everyone from senior proof-reader **Dearth Sphincter**, to **Dina** and **Loser LaRue** the terrible two-by-twosome, to that little sweetie **Maryannerose Dildo** and **Blabla Bleed** are suddenly realising that

[*continued below*]

First prize to UVic student

In this year's essay-writing contest sponsored by the Classical Association of Canada the first prize of $50 was won by a student from the University of Victoria, Deborah Gascoyne.

Twenty-eight contestants from nine universities took part in the contest, which is open to all Canadian universities.

The University Bookstore will be closed for stock taking May 2 to May 6.

Maintenance can save you money!!!

Mister transmission
all Canadian

10% DISCOUNT TO ALL STUDENTS UPON PRESENTATION OF STUDENT CARDS (EXCEPT ON SPECIAL OR SALE ITEMS)

Credit terms available upon approval, Courtesy cars — Towing arranged.

AVAILABLE TO UNIVERSITY, COLLEGE, VOCATIONAL, NURSING, HIGHSCHOOL STUDENTS

388-4522
2417 Douglas
(next to Midas Muffler)

Graduate in a Bus Stop Suit and have dinner on us.

Buy your graduation suit at any Bus Stop store and we'll tuck a $20 gift certificate for dinner at Hy's Steak House, for two, into the breast pocket.

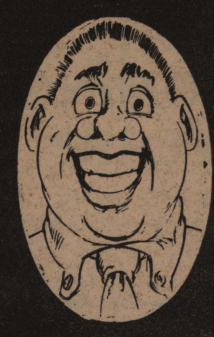
The suit collection for spring is the Class of Seventy Seven! Summer flannels and gabardines in solids and pin stripes of the latest shades. Very spiffy.

And if cord's your style, we've imported a casual cut in five shades from France; great value at $85.

Listen, if you're not graduating, buy a Bus Stop suit and enjoy dinner at Hy's anyway. It's still our treat.

1316 Douglas, Victoria

FRANKLY SPEAKING



by reggie douglas

First and last and only roll

Towards the end of term we begin to think about class standings and possible awards. For those who have worked hard all year there is bound to be some recognition. Over the past six or seven years at UVic I have had my share of privilege as well. But I think that it is time to reverse roles and, as one fairly grateful person, to highlight the best efforts of faculty, staff, and office holders at this university. Therefore, I will wrongly use the word "therefore", and announce the candidates for Reggie's one and only honor roll:

To **Dr. Charles B. [Danny] Daniels**: for his unrelenting effort in abolishing the frivolous use of "therefore." Humor aside, I would like to nominate you, Dr. Daniels, for your forthright opinions and your intellectual "straight shooting." I think that we can say with all candor that you are one of the few profs on this campus who *teach people to learn*.

To **Dr. Victor Neufeldt**: for fighting the twin causes of clear prose and undergraduate literacy. It's time that we recognized your many extra hours of work in this campaign.

To **Mr. George Forbes**: for teaching English as one of the liberal arts and for encouraging your students to develop their own sense of literary criticism.

To **Mr. Ron Ferry**: for making the system work, and for providing continuity in the brief and chequered administrative history of this institution. You have every right to wear ermine on your regalia!

To the **Staff at the Campus services Cafeteria**: for efficient, cheerful service and the best quality in food on campus. Long may you serve your delicious hamburgers! Hi Vera and Muriel.

To **Dr. Robert G.B. Reid**: for extending a welcome to non-scientists to study science. Again, the notion of a liberal education at UVic owes a good deal to you.

To **Professor Ronald Cheffins**: for being perhaps the most engaging lecturer on campus, and one of the most knowledgeable scholars in Canadian law.

To **Governor Frank Waelti**: our articulate student representative on the Board of Governors, whose term is about to end. Frank has been one of the most accessible and sympathetic of representatives on the Board since students were given the franchise.

To **Dr. George Corwin**: for stimulating musical life at UVic. We owe much to Dr. Corwin for his firm guidance not only in academics but also in administration, especially in the work he has done to build a proper performance centre at UVic.

To **Ms. Patricia Clarke, the "Link"**: for your innovative liaison work in the Faculty of Education. A rare individual is one who never complains about committee work.

To **Mr. Robert Tapp**: for making computer services available for the unusual needs of many departments on campus. Perhaps your accolade should read "Master in Problem-Solving."

So closes Reggie's honor roll. But this list is by no means complete. There are many others at UVic whose accomplishments, not always finding prominent publicity, are nonetheless contributing daily to the university community. Take a moment and think about people whom you would add to the list. These are the servants who comprise the outstanding profile of this university. Don't be afraid to tell them so.

EDSEL ...from top of page

the wages of sin are merely AMS cheques. Ain't that too bad, kids, and you thought **The Martlet** was the depths of depravity....

FEARLESS FUNNIES GAG MASSES!!! That prima donna of the printed page **Owing Grandsums** has reportedly discovered the greatest SUFA joke of all time, fortunately too late for this week's deadline. Similarly, **Christ Canoe** and **Croup** also came up with their first boffo yok too late. Meanwhile **Symbol Simons**, the editor with his pie in every finger figured out how to draw a dodecahedron, but he couldn't fit it in. **Fail Highschool** having long ago run out of ideas is now contemplating ravaging Ernie Bushmiller's paragon of female pulchritude, leaving **Fartin Nogood Bore** to raise wit to the level of twit.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST!!!!LOVABLE LAUGH MASTER EDSEL SOLD FOR SCRAP!!! Consigned to a dark and dusty corner of the **Martlet** office, turned on only to crank out a column a week, the **Bionic Edsel** has reportedly been sold to a scrap firm in San-Diego for an undisclosed amount. Joining the Canadian Navy's sub **Rainbow**, it is rumoured that certain right wing militants will be utilising the **Edsel** brain in a refit of the **Rainbow** as a part of their contingency plans for World War III, starting soon on a continent near you.

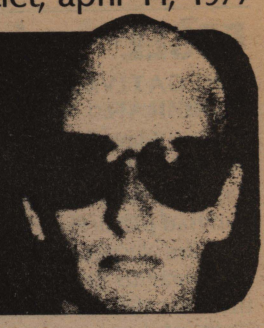
NON - SCIENTIST? COMING BACK NEXT YEAR?

Want to know more about pesticides, drugs, fertilizers, sex pills, nuclear power, food chemicals, war chemicals?

Then try Chemistry 300, 'Chemistry in Modern Society,' a course specially developed for non-scientists.

Ask the Chemistry Department for a syllabus.

ENTERTAINMENT



with David McMinn
Martlet Entertainment Editor

WHY ARE THESE MEN LOOKING SO GRIM? They've just heard that the Supertramp concert has been cancelled.

"Emptiness Of Life" At The Belfry

The Belfry's first stab at production this past February was, by anybody's standards, a smash success. "Puttin' on the Ritz" played to packed houses, was held over for one week and finished up in the black; no mean feat for an undertaking of this kind.

Fresh from this triumph, the Belfry presents its second production of the year—Canadian Gothic and American Modern—beginning tonight (Thursday) at 8 p.m.

Canadian Gothic and American Modern are two plays by Canadian playwright Joanna M. Glass which examine, through opposing styles, 'the sheer emptiness of life'. Canadian Gothic is a poignant portrayal of a young girl's growth to maturity in a small prairie town. The cild of a romantic and free-spirited mother and a relentlessly stoical father, Jean is the tragic product of an embittered and loveless marriage. In contrast to the gentleness of Gothic, American Modern is a quick-paced repartee with an atmosphere of razor-like wit. It is the story of a middle-age marriage where survival is the sole objective. Fantasies and gratuitous activity are the only protections against an endless procession of broken dreams and tarnished memories.

The two one-act plays will run from April 14-16 and 19-23. Tickets are $3 for students, $3.50 general. Phone 385-6815.

letter

Fan mail

Sir:

Your highly esteemed journal must surely be the paradigm of publishing perspicacity to defy the banal and stultifying norms of journalistic convention and dare to print what may be, nay, can **only** be the **most** daring, most revolutionary, most astoundingly brilliant foray into the realm of four-frame graphical self-expression ever published in the history of civilized man. May I hasten to commend the authors of this hysterically funny, yet compellingly vital and relevant instrument for social and intellectual change for their consistently humane and perceptive interpretation of man's reality vis a vis his position within the cosmic schema, and for the rapier wit, accurately pointed sarcasm, and sensitive graphic portrayal which have served them so well in the sustaining of what must be the most epic and consistent flight of sheer fancy ever to be

[*continued on 13*]

RACQUET SPORTS

SPRING TENNIS LESSONS

Small group instruction with a maximum of six students per instructor. Different skill levels will be accommodated within each class.

Registration begins April 29th at Room 121, McKinnon Building. Family, Alumni and Community people are eligible.

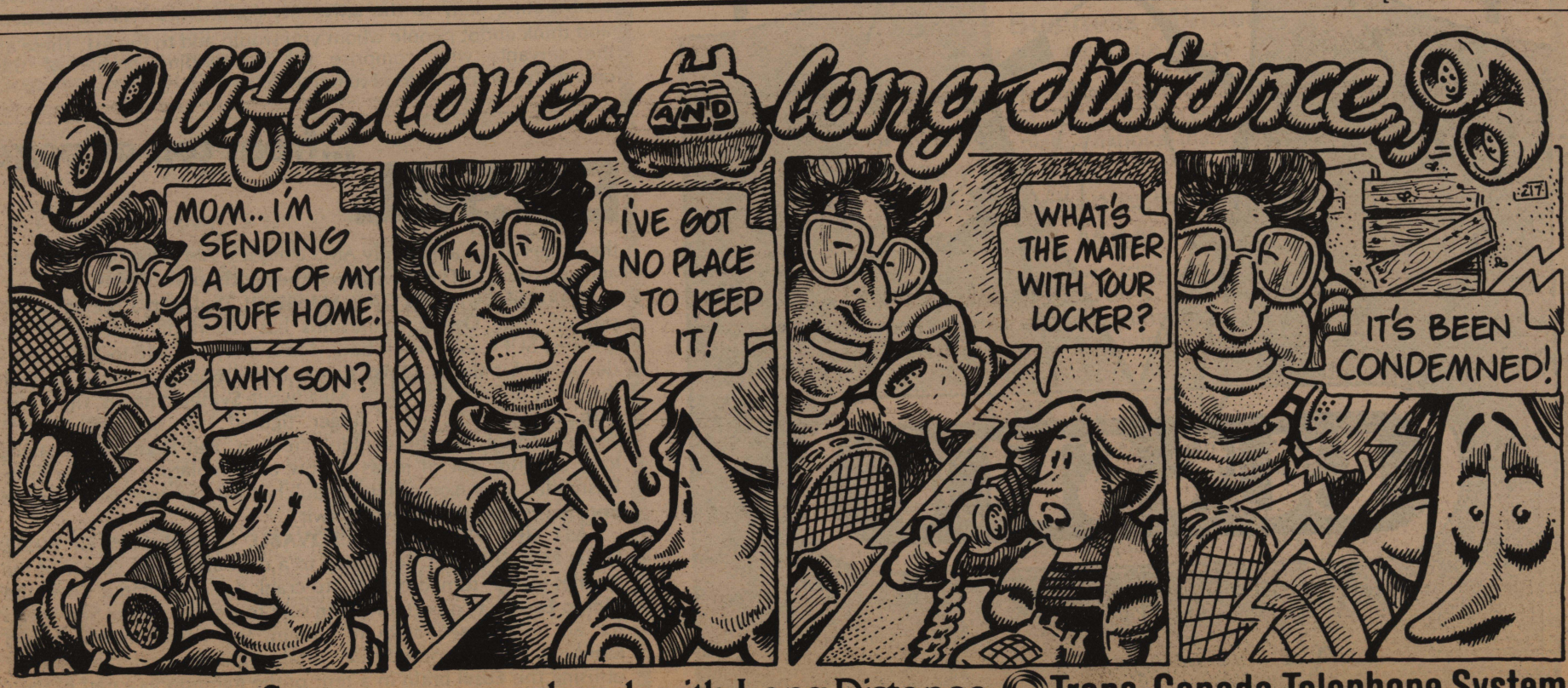
Times:

Section 1	Mon. & Wed.	3:15 to 4:15 p.m.
Section 2	Mon. & Wed.	4:15 to 5:15 p.m.
Section 3	Tues. & Thurs.	3:15 to 4:15 p.m.
Section 4	Tues. & Thurs.	4:15 to 5:15 p.m.

Duration: 6 weeks

Starts:
Sections 1 & 2 Mon., May 9 (meet at tennis courts)
Sections 3 & 4 Tues., May 10 (meet at tennis courts)

Instructors: Russ Hartley & Scott Braley
Place: UVic Tennis Courts
Fee: $20.00 (one hour class twice a week for six weeks)


Life..love..AND long distance.
MOM.. I'M SENDING A LOT OF MY STUFF HOME.
WHY SON?
I'VE GOT NO PLACE TO KEEP IT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LOCKER?
IT'S BEEN CONDEMNED!

Set up your weekend, with Long Distance. ©Trans-Canada Telephone System

WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING? He knows it's only a rumor; 'cause he started it.

letters ...from 12

attempted. For power of vision, and the courage of conviction to see it disseminated, these gentlemen, Messrs. Rowe and Koop, have no peer.

I refer, of course, to that scintillating rectangular jewel of the comics page, **AUTODETERMINISM**!

Yr. Hmbl. & Obt. Svt.,
Fred Dobbs, Esq.

Fuming fan

Editor of **The Martlet**:

Tonight while I was looking through the Victoria Times newspaper, my eye caught the word "Star Trek", and after reading the small short article I found out James Doohan (Scotty) was at University of Victoria tonight. And I'm so mad I missed it, and I'm sure a lot of other people didn't know about it either. I didn't see any signs, advertisements, or anything to inform interested people he was here.

Why didn't you advertise it more. So people can see and say "oh yes, So-and-So from Star Trek will be coming here on ———(date)———, 1977, I can hardly wait." Because many people missed it!

From a
Star Trek Fan!

AUDIO CAN MAKE MONEY FOR YOU!

Sell audio equipment at your college. No investment; experienced sales help and incentive programs provided. Over 60 top brands, including audiophile lines. Audio Outlet Wholesalers, 325 Pascack Ave., Washington Township, N.J. 07675 (201) 666-8868 Attention: Arlene Muzyka.

this week...

Nitelife on the Town; Mother's: jazz with the Richard Whitehouse Trio nightly 7-9 p.m. Streetwalker (rock) until Saturday April 16 (9-2 a.m.). Hammersmith Odeon: Frank Zappa Thursday April 14, Jethro Tull Friday, Saturday and Sunday April 15, 16, and 17, Gallagher and Lyle Monday April 18, Daryl Hall and John Oates Tuesday April 19, Frank Zappa Wednesday April 20. New Victoria: Greenslade Friday April 15. Bacchanalia: Rory Mac until Saturday April 16. Royal Albert Hall: Brian Ferry Saturday April 16, Abba Monday April 18. Rainbow: Lynryd Skynryd Friday April 15, Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel Sunday April 17. Harpo's: The Best of Friends til Saturday April 16.

Thinking of Teaching?

applications for all Faculty of Education professional year programmes

deadline

April 30

for information contact:
the Advising Centre
MacLaurin 250

- Sequential Option
- Saanich Project **(Full)**
- Internship
- Regular Programmes

Continuing Education

University of Victoria

PART-TIME STUDENTS

HELP US TO HELP YOU

The University needs your help to plan our evening credit course program which will reflect the needs of students currently enrolled. Please identify those credit courses which you would like to see offered in the evening during Winter Session 1977-78. Evening courses are defined as those occurring after 6:00 p.m. If there are a sufficient number of requests (10), the University will make every effort to offer them.

The Data you provide will be used to help the Departments choose specific evening offerings. A Calendar/Timetable of Evening Credit Courses will be available from the Division of Continuing Education in May.

Please complete and return the attached form NOW. You may deposit it in the labelled EVENING CREDIT SURVEY located in the Student Union Building lobby or return it directly to the Division of Continuing Education, L Building, Campus. We're located behind the McKinnon Building. For information on PART-TIME EVENING CREDIT COURSES call 477-6911, local 4804.

****

Of special interest to part-time students is the introduction, this fall, of planned evening degree programs from the Departments of Biology and History in Art.

For information about the Biology program, contact Dr. M.J. Ashwood-Smith, Department Chairmain.

For information about the History in Art program, contact Dr. Alan Gowans, Department Chairman.

Division of Continuing Education
Winter Session 1977-78

EVENING CREDIT COURSE SURVEY

List the courses you would like to see offered after 6:00 p.m. during Winter Session 1977-78.

University Calendar No. *Course Title*

_____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

Martlet Magazine
Volume 1 Number 6
Rick Stevenson, editor

Eric Ivan Berg: three poems

THIS IS MY ISLAND
(from Trans Canada & for Red)

This is my island
which lures the passing eye
with its elemental modes.

It lies here wet-bedded,
saltlicked like a charm bracelet
strung sparkling out to sea.
For while I still live it is sunalive
and breathes me freely.

With its knotted treas
sponged green and sprung up
from these damp crags of lichen clinging rock
that my salt sea god must have muscled up,
wrestled from under this folded ocean's mattress
this toothy island of mine can stand
the test of my dying time.

Ethics, not craven images we asked for.
Did this Raven raingod only plant my seed
here so as to bury me later amid
this ribcaged island that I own?

Passenger to planet, ship to shore
still this is my only home isle on earth.
She is my only sea jewel, my headstone
set to ticking in the tidal clockwork pulsing
blood in the ebb and flow in my wrist.

And that cursed wrist arthritic,
overgrown cancerous and cut open by a conch
shell whispering voice, my shaman, suicide.
The current pulse of passing time.

Now ebb after neap
yet it is I, my island,
that lies here seeping my body salts
into this tinkling hot sea, the buds now bitter
sucking up the taste of warm coke and blood...

Eric Ivan Berg

STEELHULL LOGGERS OF THE SEA
(from Trans Canada series)

This battered steelhull donkey
inches along the chartline soundings
yards past Nootka and Gabriola island,
going out into the green gulf again
tugs chugging up the raincoast
on a long two week layover tow
to lug the boomstick lumber home.

Weeks out and away the crew ruminate,
salt rusted wires wound around their nerves,
their guts spliced by the yaw and pitch —
the rollercoaster ocean's motion
of the rocker cradle troughs
and hosed by the galeforced faceslap.

When as salty donkies released
at last they joyfully whoop-whoop,
loop the stanchion cables fore and aft
and then make that backslapping break
for their salty bladders by diving
into the nearest seahorse bar and parlour
to lie and relive the long haul loudly
in oblivious oaths and drunken lullabies...

Eric Ivan Berg

FRAGMENT "FRASER RIVER RUN"
(for Dave & from Cariboo Country)

finally we see the end of salmon cycle.
hung above the ladder canyons and past the rockcrop gratings
the last king salmon swim in painful circles.
salmon go on slowly leaking over the sandbars
in this the last paid cycle of the summer run
gone fallen autumn again dies quiet and as liquid as life.

blood ruptured swollen to rust red flesh
bloated belly-up with their strong spring spines broken —
leaving the eggbeds bathed in bloodmilk
fertilized by the deaths of their forefathers.
turn in a gyre the wide eyes in the fraser
drift in their father river's grip. a million million spent
and ghosting belly-up over the winking gold in the gravelbeds.

dead with drifting ringweed
and the smooth bore alluvial boulders
rolling along the dark blood-mudded bottom
go the magnificent husks rind of the river
salmonbellies of this strong brown god which bore them.
soft speckled rainbows loosing their glitter
shards of scales floating downriver to the stars.
spindrift fish, the proud tribe of fighting fish
now lazy ballet in their death eddies of the return journey.
returning tyee returning river returning in the
mighty rinse-cycle that ends in the sea...

Eric Ivan Berg

NEAR LIMON

At dawn and eventide the mist of humidity is visible
Toe ocean here is the flat grey of Long Beach on the far north Pacific
But this is the Caribbean, and cocos line this beach not pines
The houses here are raised on stilts for it rains here even now
and this is the dry season
In the mercado are signs about malaria and mosquitos abound in the
swampy alligator rivers that flow to the sea
Much wood lies on this beach also little plastic dots that they
pack crates with in the port of Limon
The four men next to us from San Jose have never camped before
Mainly they sit around and talk and drink like the blacks in the
cantina nearby, they move slow with the heat
The man across the street plants many things to eat
He and his son and lover live in an old blue bus filled with
antiques and cockroaches
The sun is setting now
The moon is a quarter of herself tonight
There is the first star above the horizon

Julie Todd

A YEAR AND TWO MONTHS LATER

A lady was in the hospital with me
having a baby at the same time.
She had red curly hair
and put on her lipstick as soon as she could sit up
brushing peaches into her wan cheeks
and smearing green shadows over her eyes.
Had to put on her face she said.
And the only other thing that I can remember
that she said was that she only missed
her soap operas when the local department store
had $1.49 day.
A true devotee.
The main reason she comes to mind is that
I met her again a year and two months later
in a department store.

1973
Anne Jardine

DEATH SQUAD

Unlucky days do occur
like botched-up jobs...
both at the same time
constitute scandal.

The death squad survivor
snickers,
two bullets in his jaw,
life in his tongue.

What a fake job —
he played dead with
two bullets in him.
Snowed the whole squad.

Clever next victim.

TO ALEX

small-case gee, alpha, beta,
dee-ex alpha, dee-ex beta,
yes, yes, is dee-es squared,
answered he illuminely
and, he said, forget no ee-noo
(not to mention, of course, ee-myoo)
is one over on the one minus
are squared over ARE squared cap!
(or, of course, without the over
could be minus bracket one
minus two em over total
are)

Robert Sarricino

TO SANDRA

Take your writings, they say, and take them hence
But I say, what stuff is this nonsense?
You have had enough?
What nonsense is this stuff!

Robert Sarricino

Contributors:

Eric Ivan Berg is a freelance broadcaster from Vancouver and currently co-editor/review editor of Echo poetry magazine. Well-known in small press cycles more of his work my be seen in recent issues of Canada Goose, Repository and Karaki.

Julie Todd is a student at Camosun College, Victoria.

Anne Jardine is a student in the diploma ed. programme at UVic. This is her second appearance in Martlet Magazine.

Greg Kennedy is a second year creative writing student at UVic., a regular contributor to Martlet Magazine.

(sc)
LH3
M3a

By W.P. Kinsella

MANITOU MOTORS LTD.

Merton Wolfchild always been kind of a hero of mine. The year I was ten or eleven they held the Alberta Golden Gloves Boxing Championships in the Camrose High School Auditorium. In them days, boxers from our reserve, The Hobbema Boxing Club, was known all over the province as really good fighters, and Merton Wolfchild was the best of them.

He weren't very tall but he was built solid and move quick as a cat. Merton's skin was the color of new cowboy boots and just as shiny. His eyes be set real wide apart and he say that make him able to see real good from sideways. He always got one piece of black hair that keep falling down over his face like a shoe-lace. Boy, the final bout of the 150 lb. fighters was the best I ever seen. The RCMP guys from Wetaskiwin have their own boxing club and Merton he fought a Constable Pike. That Constable Pike don't look near so scary wearing nothing but blue boxing shorts and gloves, as he do all decked up in his uniform and carry a gun.

Merton close up one of Constable Pike's eyes in the first round and about halfway through the second he knock him right on the seat of his pants. Boy, I stand up and cheer for Merton loud as my voice will go, until a lady in a red mackinaw who sit in front of me turn around and say, "Try not to yell so loud in my ear, Kid." In the third round, Merton he knock out that Constable Pike. Hit him with a let hand right on the chin and boy his head hit the floor of the ring like a sack of feed thrown into an empty waggon box. His RCMP friends have to carry the Constable back to his corner.

There be a big celebration down to the bar of the Coronation Hotel in Camrose that night and Merton sure be a hero around the reserve for a while. He got presented with a big trophy with a gold boxer about 6" high on it, and it used to sit around on the table at Wolfchild's cabin until it got all dusty: then the little kids played with it, and finally it just disappeared.

Merton never boxed no more that I know of except to fight in the Alice Hotel bar once in a while or out in the yard at Blue Quills Dance Hall at Hobbema after everybody got drunked up some, even though everybody say he could of been one of those professional boxers if he'd of wanted to. Couple of years later he moved over to Camrose to live, that be thirty or so miles from the reserve. I heard he married with a white girl and be selling cars up there.

I wish I'd never heard that. Cause when my fried Norman Scar work all winter in the lumber camp and save his money to buy a car, it is me who suggests that we should go to Camrose and find Merton Wolfchild. I figure that if anybody not going to cheat us it be another Indian. Indians have a bad time buying cars. White salesmen always seem to cheat them one way or another.

Once I walk around Honest Ernie's Used Car Lot in Wetaskiwin and I hear a couple of salesmen say about a '57 Dodge with big fenders that painted pink and black and got white seats and a monkey on a stick in the back window: "That's a wahoo special." And sure enough a couple of weeks later I seen the car around the reserve, but not for long. Pretty quick the transmission and most everything else go on it and it been sit for a long time in a slough down a ways from our cabins.

Bunch of us pile in Louis Coyote's pick-up truck and drive up to Camrose. There's me and Norman Scar, my friend Frank Fence-post, my girl-friend Sadie One-wound, Frank's girlfriend Connie Bigcharles, Norman's sister Julie, and two or three other guys who ride in the back of the truck after the cab be all full.

Camrose ain't all that much bigger than Wetaskiwin so it's not that hard to drive around the used car lots until we find one that got an Indian salesman. The sign say, Manitou Motors, easy credit, no down payments, and it got a picture of a tall Indian girl wear only a tiny bathing suit and a red and white war bonnet. It sure look like a big business to us as we pull the truck up to the curb. There be rows and rows of light bulbs in red, yellow, and blue, and between the rows of bulbs is lines of plastic triangles in bright colors that blow in the wind and make noise like a whole lot of guys snapping their fingers. There must be thirty cars on the lot all shiny and fresh washed.

Merton spot us right away and he come down to meet us, shake our hands and say hello to us in Cree. Norman Scar be pretty shy with strangers so I have to tell Merton that it is my friend who wants to buy a car.

Merton Wolfchild sure ain't the way I remember him from back when he used to box. He put on lots of weight and some of it hang over his belt quite a ways. He got on a white shirt, black pants and some pretty old cowboy boots. He have a wide brown belt with a big square buckle have a picture of a bottle of Lethbridge Pale Ale on it.

"You guys just make yourself at home," he say, and wave his hand around the lot. "When you find something you like, let me know and I let you take it out for a ride." It easy to see that Merton's nose been busted a couple of times and he got a pretty bad scar on one cheek. I don't remember none of that from when I knew him before.

Frank Fence-post, him and Connie Bigcharles be climb in and out of cars like they look for something. It look like they maybe gonna try for set a record for sit in every car on the lot in maybe ten minutes.

"I used to watch you box," I tell Merton.

"Yeah?" he say, and give me a big smile. "Those were the days."

"I seen you the time you knocked out Constable Pike. I cheered so loud for you I didn't have no voice for a couple of days."

"You know something, Norman," he says to me, "That Constable Pike guy is still trying to get even on me. He be stationed up here now and he come around the lot give me tickets for no safety stickers on my cars, and he always digging up some new regulations that he say I broke some time or other."

"I'm Silas Ermineskin," I tell him just to straighten things out. But at least he remembered the name of the guy who want to buy the car.

"You must be Paul's kid maybe. You got a real pretty sister...Elaine? or..."

"Illianna," I say. "She's married with a white man and lives in Calgary."

"Too bad, I kind of had my eye on her one time. Well, I married with a white girl. We got four kids."

"This is sure a fancy car lot you got here."

"Yeah, well I think it's kind of nice. It make me a good living."

Merton talk like he own it but I see by the license on the wall of his office that it be some other name listed as own Manitou Motors Ltd.

"So Constable Pike still trying to get even for get beat up by you?"

"Yes, sir, I'm gonna have to punch him out again one of these days," and Merton smack one fist into his other hand and laugh real loud.

Most everybody but Norman and Julie has followed us up to the office. Merton take a cigarette package out of his shirt pocket and pass them around to everybody.

"After your friend decide on a car we all have us a drink to celebrate," he say, "How much money has your friend got to spend?"

"Eight hundred dollars," I tell him.

"Well for that I can get him one really good car, Norman," he say and slap my shoulder. "Us Hobbema Indians got to stick together. I sure glad you came to me instead of to some white bugger that rip you off."

Up at the front of the lot Merton is got built a little platform that have a nice sports car sit up on it, have a sign on the windshield say, Special of the Day, just like the Gold Nugget Cafe in Wetaskiwin have a grilled cheese sandwich and cole slaw for 99 cents. Frank and Connie and Norman all be up on that platform and have the hood up on the car. Now if there is one thing Frank be really good at it is start up a car without have no keys. We hear the motor go backfire a couple of times and then start up. Connie Bigcharles who sit behind the steering wheel get all excited and put the car into gear and it be drive off across the country except that the back wheels catch on the edge of the platform and the car just sit there like it going down a really steep hill. They be awful lucky that the don't kill Frank or even Eddy Crier who was stand in front of the platform and have to jump like hell to get out of the way in time.

I figure that that sure ain't a very smart thing to do especially when a Golden Glove Champion owns that car. I figure that Merton probably gonna pound those guys good. But he just have a big laugh about it, once he see that the car ain't hurt none. He gets all us guys down front and we lift that little car back up where it should be.

"Hey, partner," Merton say to Frank, "you let me start up the cars around here, okay?"

Norman come up to me real quiet and he look at the ground. "I seen one that I like, Silas," and he point over to where his sister Julie is stand beside a yellow and black Ford 4-door, got no hub caps and a pretty bad scratch along one fender. "You aks him for me how much it is?"

"My friend like the yellow Ford over there," I tell Merton. "How much you charge him for it?"

Merton makes a sad face. "That one be a thousand bucks" he says, but then he stop and scratch his head and that shoe-lace of hair fall down over his face. "Seeing as you guys are brothers and all, and seeing as how you cheered for me when I whipped Constable Pike, I sell it to youse guys for $795, and I throw in the license plates."

Norman shake happy and kick some gravel around.

"First though, we want to drive it around," I say.

"I can see you got a good business head, Norman," Merton say to me. "You guys come on inside the office and we fix up the papers so's you can test drive it."

I introduce everybody around again and make sure that he know that Norman is Norman and I'm Silas. The office is pretty tiny. Just a couple of desks, four or five chairs and heater. It be built out of cedar and smell good to the nose.

Merton he takes a long time fill out forms and stuff, and he have to cross out a lot and he have a hard time spell an easy name like Norman Scar. Finally he get Norman to sign in about five places, and he have Norman leave with him his $800, just to be sure we don't run off to Montana with the car, he say with a big laugh.

When all that is done Merton say we be able to test drive the car, but first Merton pull out a whiskey bottle from the desk drawer, take a big drink, then he pass the bottle around to each of us. We thank him for the drink.

"What are friends for?" he say, and pass cigarettes around again.

Frank, he already got the car started when we get out there with the keys. But Merton he still in a good mood and say, "Take it for a spin around town but be careful that Constable Pike don't give you no tickets." He's had a couple more drinks from the bottle and starting to feel pretty good.

Norman Scar and me is the only ones who got drivers' licenses, so Norman drive us off down the street after all nine of us get settled in the car.

"Why don't we head up to Edmonton," Frank say, "the sales guy don't say when we have to be back. We make a party up there and come back tomorrow or the next day?" Norman probably go along with that but I tell them we just test the car. We can go anyplace we want after it been bought.

The car seem to me to run pretty rough. After a while I get Norman to let me drive it. It got a standard transmission and the clutch don't catch until it all the way out, and I think a couple of cogs be broken off second gear. The steering be pretty loose too. But Norman says he likes the color of the car and the soft red seat covers and say he thinks he buy it.

I run it up to about 50 mph and it just about shimmy me right off the road but Norman ain't about to change his mind.

I notice that it's running pretty hot, so as we pull up in front of the car lot I give the clutch a pretty good kick and stall the motor. Then just like I figure, when I turn the key it don't start. I argue a little with Norman and tell him to try some other cars first before he buy this one and he finally agree with me.

Merton come down to meet us flipping his hair out of his eyes and smiling.

"I don't think we buy this one, Mr. Wolfchild," I tell him. "Maybe we'd like to look at the white Chevy over there."

"That one's way too expensive for you," Merton say, and he scratch his head real hard. "I tell you what I do. I throw in a radio, and a tape deck, and hell, what are friends for, I'll even give you a couple of tapes. Take them right out of my own collection. I mean after all you guys are from my home town."

Norman just about to say okay, but I butt in, "This ain't a very good car, Mr. Wolfchild. I been working on engines down to the Technical School at Wetaskiwin for most of two years now, and I can tell there's a lot of things wrong with this car."

"Five tapes, and that's my final offer. Two Merle Haggard, a Waylon Jennings, one each of Dolly Parton and Donna Fargo."

"The car don't even start no more and I think the clutch has gone out."

"It was okay when you took it out. Besides there ain't nothing else on the lot that you guys can afford. And why don't you let the buyer talk for himself," and he kind of elbow me out of the way. "Tell you what I do, and this is final," he say to Norman, "I give you one of them big chrome feet to put where your gas pedal is. Costs $12 wholesale at Midland Auto Supply. How about it Silas?"

He'd of had himself a deal if he hadn't mixed up the names again, cause Norman had his mouth all shaped to say yes.

"No, Sir. I don't think so. I think we look around some more," Norman say in a small whisper.

Well, Merton step back and kind of take up a pose like he used to when he was a boxer. "Look, Kid, I thought you understood. You bought the car. We made a deal in there a while ago. You got yourself a car. Now I'll still throw in the extras I promised, but you own the car, okay? Once you sign a deal there's no backing out of it."

"But he just signed it to test drive it," I say.

"Who asked you?" Merton say to me in a real nasty voice, and I see he got his fists clenched.

Boy I sure don't know what to do. We all just stand around for a while until Merton flip that hair out of his eyes and say he going to round up the tapes and chromes gas pedal and all. He put the radio and tape deck in the trunk, say we can get it hooked up by somebody who know how.

We all try for a while to start that Ford up but even Frank can't get it going. "It be okay in an hour or so," Merton say. "It just run a little hot is all."

We sit around in Louis Coyote's pick-up, smoke cigarettes and try to figure what to do. I tell Norman I sure is sorry for suggest we come here.

Then I start thinking about Constable Pike and I tell everybody about the idea I have, but they sure don't think much of it, cause us Indians the less we have to do with the R.C.M.P. guys the happier it makes both us and them.

There be a thunder storm blowing up, and all of a sudden it got as dark and windy as the inside of a nose. Them flags snap loud and there be lots of dirt blow around the streets.

Nobody wants to use my idea so I let them all go and sit in Norman's car and I take my girlfriend Sadie One-wound and the truck and drive over to the R.C.M.P. headquarters.

Constable Pike seem a lot bigger than I remember him. He got a red face like a polished apple and his boots slap loud on the floor when he walk.

"I'll come down and investigate," he say to me after I explain what has happened, "but I can't promise anything. Your friend Norman could take the company to court and probably get his money back but he'd have to go to a lot of trouble to do it. That's what men like Burge and Wolfechild count on."

"Who's this guy Burge?"

"He owns Manitou Motors. Merton Wolfchild married his daughter. Guess Burge figures it's better to have him working there than to support his daughter and all those kids of Merton's."

While we been in the R.C.M.P. office it rained real hard with thunder and lightning, but by the time we got over there, us in the truck, nad Constable Pike in his black and white car, only a few drops be fall and the sun start to come out again.

The windows of the Ford be fogged up tight and the only way we can tell there is people in there is by the cigarette smoke come out of the vent window.

"How much did you say he charged you for that car?" the Constable ask.

"$800" I tell him.

"It's worth about $250 at the very most. No wonder he was trying to buy you off with a tape deck and other junk."

Merton come march down from his office and meet us about the middle of the car lot. "So what you gonna pick on me about today?" He say to Constable Pike.

"Boys here claim they only wanted to test drive the car."

"They're just sore cause it don't run as good as they thought. I sell my cars as-is-here-is. No refunds. No weaseling out of a deal."

"I suppose the car's got a safety sticker. You know it's illegal to sell a car without one."

"I got the papers someplace."

"I suggest you go find them. And I think we should test the tires. It's illegal to sell a car with less than 1/8 inch of tread on the tires."

"You gonna put me in jail for selling bald tires? That be about your speed. You make it damn hard for a poor Indian to make a living."

Merton get uglier as he go along but Constable Pike keep pretty cool. While I been away this Mr. Burge fellow is turn up. He look about sixty and wear a baggy grey suit, and have a lean face that come to a sharp point like a fox.

"Maybe you should give back the money," he say a couple of times. "We don't want no more trouble with cops." But he just hang around on the edge of things like an animal waiting for something to die.

They argue for a while more. It don't look like we gonna get that money back. Then Constable Pike get out his book and say he gonna write out tickets for no safety stickers and thin tires and he start to look around the lot at the other cars, saying he might as well check all of them while he here.

Merton jump about a foot off the ground. "You put me out of business," he yell. "No stinking cop gonna do that to me."

Merton he make a fist and raise up his hand to hit Constable Pike but before any of us know for sure what happened Merton be sitting on the seat of his pants in the wet gravel, feel with one hand at his chin, and look around like somebody asked him a real hard question.

Things move pretty quick after that. Mr. Burge he get the money from Merton's back pocket and give it to Norman, and then he get the papers from inside the office and tear them up for everybody to see. He say a lot of nice things to Constable Pike, and say that him and Merton promise to be good from now on if the Constable don't charge Merton with trying to hit him. I notice though that he never once look in Constable Pike's face while he saying all this.

We all head for the pick-up truck, figure the sooner we get out of town the better. Louis Coyote's pick-up ain't got no safety sticker and all four tires be so thin that a good healthy mosquito bite them into a blow-out.

Constable Pike is taking down numbers off all the cars on the lot.

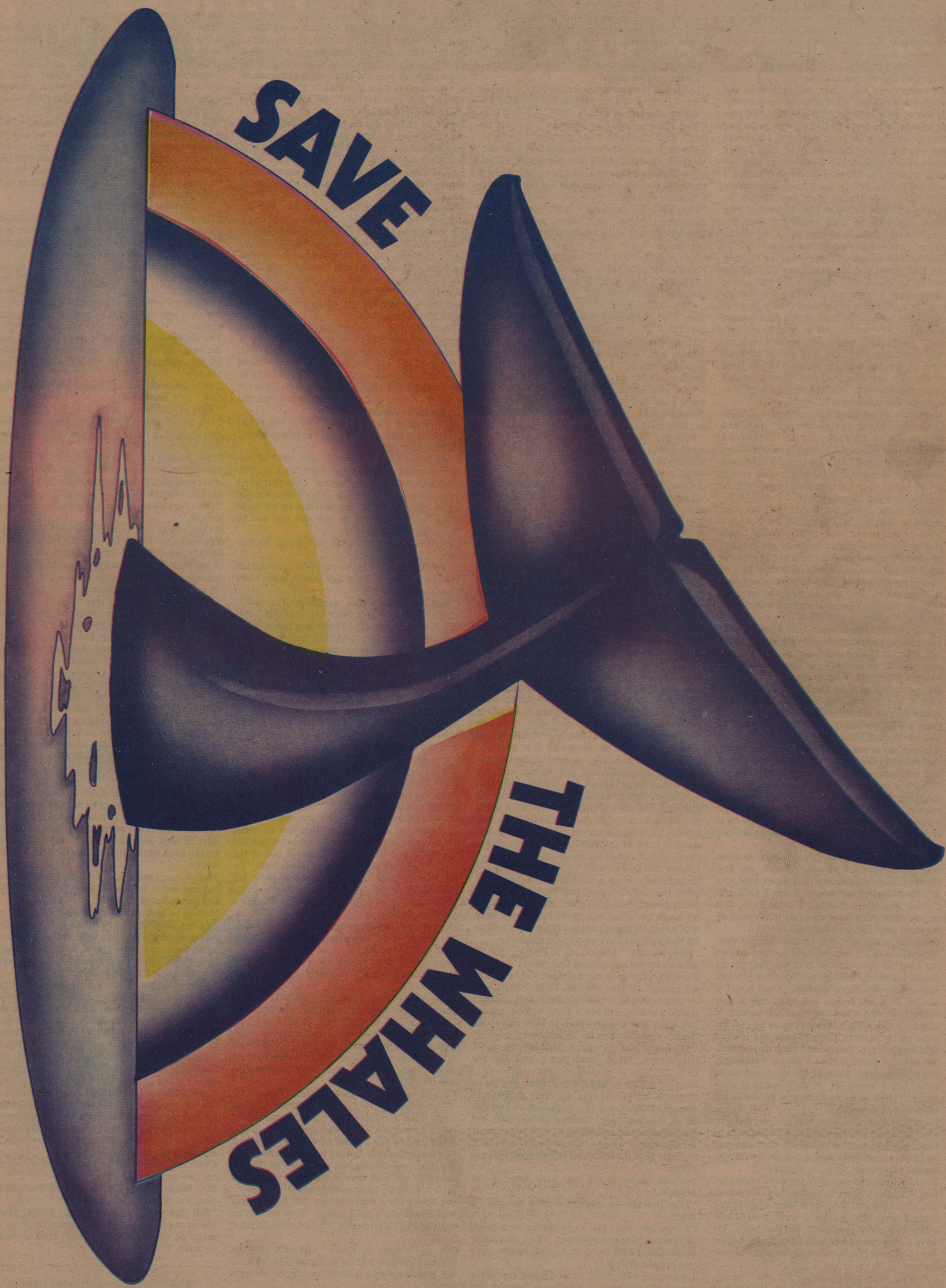
Mr. Burge is yell loud at Merton for getting caught at do something bad.

"But they were Indians," Merton is say, spread his arms real wide. "I don't figure for them to make no trouble. You just can't trust anybody no more."

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

William Patrick Kinsella is from Edmonton, Alberta. He has a degree in creative writing from the University of Victoria and is currently working toward a MFA in English at the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

A collection of 17 short stories entitled "Dance Me Outside" will be published in early 1977 by Oberon Press.


SAVE
THE WHALES